

## A FOUR-CYLINDER WHITE ELEPHANT

(Continued from Page 15.)

We piled into the patrol wagon and started down the wood road. Daylight was just arriving. A mile out of town we noticed a puddle of oil on the road. That cheered us. Farther on I picked up a wrench which I recognized at once. A mile farther on we found a regular heap of abandoned tools, my pliers, a spanner, some wire, my old gloves, and an oil can. The dusty road was padded with foot tracks.

Talk about trails! Sign posts would have been poor beside this one. I knew exactly what Josephine had been doing. Much as I detest burglarious gentlemen in general, I couldn't help pitying these villains. They were so helpless.

Five miles out we caught sight of a car away ahead at the top of a hill. It was standing still. That meant it was Josephine. Leaving the wagon, the two bulwarks of the law, supported by the rest of the Roman mob, slunk cautiously ahead by the roadside. It was an easy job. A few hundred yards away we ducked into the woods, came out just above the car, and gazed down on the scene of ruin.

There was Josephine, standing like the eternal rocks. Her bonnet was on one side and her internals were more or less missing. In her tonneau we saw the limp outlines of a man. Another man with one arm in a sling was desperately trying to crank her. I chuckled when I saw him. He probably knew all about automobiles, but he didn't know much about Josephine. She positively refused to start on a slow spark. You had to set it away up and look out for yourself.

The end wasn't very exciting. The two officers swarmed down the bank, bristling with six-shooters, and the robber surrendered with a sigh of relief. Having done so, he began to curse Josephine. As he did so I listened with envy. His command of language was marvelous. In my finest flights I had been a tyro beside this.

"All I've got to say is, I'm glad you came," he concluded. "That devil of a hell-fired man killer has busted my pal's head and my wrist and has taken two hours to do five miles. It would have killed me if you hadn't come. I just want to see the assassin that owns it. I want one minute with him before I go up." I didn't disclose my identity.

We are good friends with the Withershanks nowadays. They profess to be delighted with our fresh humor and we find them almost human in their enthusiasm at times. We go riding often in their big Streakolite, which I run very much better than Withershanks or his son. I could run a battle ship with confidence after running Josephine.

As for Josephine, her fame as the vanquisher of burglars spread to such an extent that about a week after the event a man came along and

offered me \$200 for her. I closed the bargain before he could back out and asked him if he could run her home.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I am a practical repair man. I'll come and get the car to-morrow."

He came, but he did not take the car. However, the day after, he came again with a team of mules, and together Sadie and I watched our automobile disappear up the street. I have often thought of that man with a guilty feeling. I wonder what Josephine has been doing to him?

—Hampton's.

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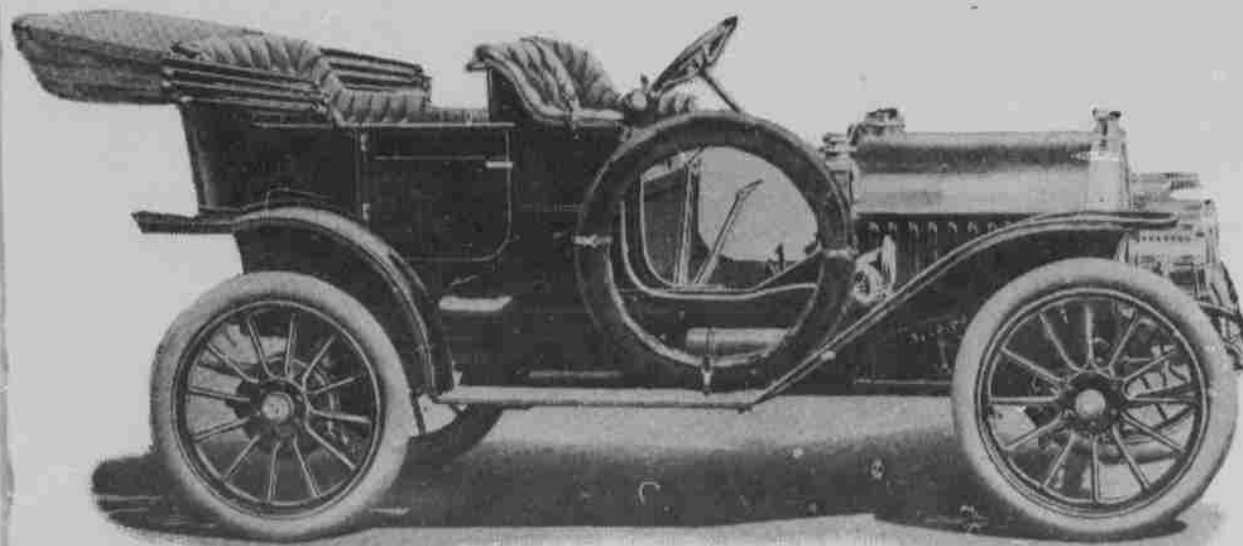
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